

# I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THE BOYS

NOVELTY SONG

GLADYS LESLIE  
GREATER VITAPHONE STAR  
RECORDED BY PHILADELPHIA

WORDS BY  
HOWARD ROGERS

MUSIC BY  
JAMES V. MONACO

COMPOSER OF "THE DREAM  
OF A SOLDIER BOY" AFTER  
"A THOUSAND YEARS" Etc., Etc.

M. WITMARK & SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

50¢  
27

# I'm Going To Follow The Boys

Words by  
HOWARD ROGERS

Music by  
JAMES V. MONACO

Brightly (*But not too fast*)

I've al-ways had a lot of  
I don't know much a-bout the

boys a-round me; Wher-ev-er boys were, that's the place you found me. Now I'm  
mil-i-tar-y, Still I can help them if it's ne-cess-ar-y. I don't

lone-some most ev-ry night, There's not a sin-gle fel-low in sight—  
know a thing a-bout war, I don't see what they're hav-ing it for—

I miss the smiles of Bil-ly, Jack and Har-ry, Per-cy was a dear,  
But when it comes to things like os-cu-la-tion, That's where I'd be missed,

I nev-er felt so blue, but I know what to do, I've got a great i-  
If they should ev-er send, a suf-frage re-gi-ment, I'd hur-ry to en-

REFRAIN

de-a. I'm going to fol-low the boys o-ver there, An-y-where,  
list. I'm going to fol-low the boys o-ver there, An-y-where,  
I'm going to fol-low the boys o-ver there, An-y-where,

I don't care. I'm just dy-ing for one lit-tle dance, But  
I don't care. I'd just love to be hugged by some-one, But  
I don't care. Sub-ma-rines have no ter-rors for me, One

all my danc-ing part ners are "Some-where in France" I nev-er nursed an-y-one, I'll ad-mit,  
ev-ry fol-low's right arm is hold-ing a gun I've nev-er nursed an-y-one, I'll ad-mit,  
hard look from me and they'll go un-der the sea I nev-er nursed an-y-one, I'll ad-mit,

But I'm strong to do my bit, And if one lit-tle kiss or more  
But I'm strong to do my bit, There's a feel-ing down in my heart  
But I'm strong to do my bit, Lack of su-gar don't wor-ry me

Can help them win the war, Why, I'm going to fol-low the boys! I'm going to boys!  
That I'm a Joan of Arc, So I'm going to fol-low the boys! I'm going to boys!  
Loves a ne-cess-i-ty, So I'm going to fol-low the boys! I'm going to boys!



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Music by  
F. H. BISHOP

Moderately slow

*pp*

When the sky in the East flames crim-son and gold, In the light of the morn-ing sun, — When in c

*p*

clear lit-tle voice sweet song birds re-joice, Bid-ding wel-come to day just be-gun, — Then I

*poco cresc.*

*f*

*pp*

pass on my way to the la-bor of day, And your smile as we part thrills me through, — For it

*and with much expression*

short-ens the day till the light fades a-way, And eve-ning brings rest and you, — And

*colla voce*



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